MEMORIAL OF EDITH

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MEMORIAL OF EDITH.

Rumford Point,
Maine
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FRONTISPIECE.

MEMORIAL

OF

EDITH ——,

AGED FIFTEEN YEARS AND TWO MONTHS.

FROM THE ENGLISH EDITION, REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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Pacific School of Religion

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MEMORIAL OF EDITH ——,

AGED 15 YEARS AND 2 MONTHS.

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, It is well."—2 Kings 4 : 26.

"The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."—Matt. 9 : 24.

Our dear Edith was from her infancy a frail and delicate creature, and therefore the almost constant companion of her parents. Her gentle manners, her affectionate and confiding temper, and her uniform cheerfulness, endeared her to us all, and she was indeed the family darling. Owing to frequent indisposition, and a feeble memory, she did not make any rapid progress in the usual branches of a child's education; but she was early remarkable for a thoughtful, inquiring mind, and for a discriminating judgment.

When not more than four or five years old, while listening to her aunt, who was describing the effects of the deluge and the destruction of the human race, except Noah and his family, she looked up with an expression of great earnestness and dissatisfaction, and said, "What! *all* drowned, dear aunt!—the *babies*, too? What had they done?—they had not sinned!" Nor was her mind at rest, till that kind and patient instructress had explained to the young objector, that these "*babies*" were far more happy in heaven, than they could have been on earth.

She was also, while very young, accustomed, in her artless way, to practise self-examination, to listen to the whispers of conscience, and to remember that the eye of God was upon her.

She has since told me, that she was at that time very timid, and that, if she were sent on any little errand alone in the evening hour, she would pause on the outside

of the door, and question herself thus:— "Have I been good or naughty to-day?" If conscience gave an unfavorable reply, she would say, "O, I am afraid God is angry with me now; perhaps he will not take care of me;" and then, with a hurried step and beating heart, she performed the unwelcome task. But if she could say, "I think I have been a good child to-day," she would add, "then no harm will come to me; God watches over me, to take care of me," and with a composed and cheerful mind, and tranquil pace, she went on her solitary errand trusting in her heavenly guardian.

Such were the early dawnings of that faith and hope, which ultimately taught her to "fear no evil," even while she "walked through the valley of the shadow of death."

The habits of seclusion in which she was trained, in consequence of her frequent ill-health, did not prove unfavorable,

either to her mental improvement or happiness : she read and reflected, she gained much general knowledge ; and there is good reason to hope that she studied the word of God and religious books, with seriousness and self-application, joined with prayer.

She was fond of sacred poetry ; and in her chosen hymns and favorite poems, it was remarked that there was almost always some allusion to the frailty of life, to sickness and death, or to the glories of the heavenly world.

These indications of early piety were, however, in her own opinion at least, very dubious and unsatisfactory ; at best very transient, and mixed with much of the levity and sinful inconsistency of childhood.

But about three years before her death she was deeply, and, as she seemed to think, permanently impressed with the awful realities of the eternal world, as

they were unfolded to her in the eloquent and touching language of a minister, whom she heard on the subject of death and judgment.

From that time, she began seriously to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" and to examine herself, whether in her affections and desires, her temper and conduct, she bore any marks of being a child of God. The result of these inquiries was, for a long time, doubtful and discouraging to herself; yet she was enabled to persevere, and though it was long before the Sun of righteousness arose upon her, with healing in his wings, yet she watched steadily and thankfully the dawnings of that heavenly light in which she desired to walk and to rejoice.

These interesting and salutary impressions were deepened by an event, which, while it filled our hearts with sorrow, served to illustrate the beauty and value of those principles and that faith which

our dear Edith was so anxious to possess, —the sudden illness and death of that kind aunt, who for many years had made the education, especially the *religious* education, of this dear child and her sisters, the object of her patient, unwearied exertions, and her unceasing prayers.

It was the privilege of our beloved Edith to wait upon her dying aunt, and to minister to her departing spirit the latest consolation it received from the word of God, by reading to her a sweet selection

of scripture promises, on the subject of sanctified afflictions.

This scene of death was divested of all its terrors; the faith and hope of the Christian triumphed over the pangs of mortality; and all who witnessed it testified in their hearts, "It is good to be here." The remains of the departed saint bore no traces of sorrow or pain; truly she had "fallen asleep in Jesus;" and day after day, while they were yet with us, Edith would steal into the room with her Bible or her hymn-book, and take her seat by the coffin to read and meditate. Animated and guided by the example of this dear relative, she had engaged for some time, with great interest and steadiness, whenever her health permitted, in the duties of a Bible collector, a Sabbath-school teacher, and sometimes a tract distributor; indeed, she loved to visit the poor and the afflicted, and in

her modest, unobtrusive way, to furnish comfort and assistance.

But all the various sentiments and exercises of her mind were not fully understood by any one, till she explained them to her mother, when, on the near approach of death, she opened to her the secrets of her whole heart; but she communicated them in some degree to a young friend and relative, in the autumn of 1829. With her she enjoyed an intercourse of some weeks, and afterwards kept up a correspondence, chiefly of a religious kind: also, in her letters to a younger sister at school, there are some marked allusions to these important concerns, and an earnest recommendation of the duty of private and fervent prayer to God for his guidance and blessing; acknowledging, with contrition, that, from false shame, she had herself too often *seemed* to neglect this duty, even when she had secretly lifted up her heart to God.

From this time she became a more diligent Bible student: she read Dwight's Theology, and other religious works of a practical and experimental kind, with attention and interest; and in all our conversations on such subjects, we observed in her an increase of seriousness and knowledge in divine things.

Such was the state of her mind, when on the 1st of February, 1830, it pleased God to visit her with the first alarming symptoms of that disease, which finally summoned our beloved and promising child from the domestic circle where she was so fondly cherished, to that happier home where doubts and fears are unknown, where sin cannot enter, and where she will dwell for ever in the presence of her heavenly Father. For some days her bodily sufferings were so acute, and she required such constant attendance, that there was little opportunity for conversation: but as these partially yielded to the

remedies prescribed, and left us more at leisure to dwell upon the nature of her malady, and our own mournful forebodings, we felt it to be at once our duty and our privilege, as Christian parents, to inquire into the state of her mind,—her fears and hopes. She was aware of her danger, and spoke of the uncertainty of her recovery with calmness; but she desired to live, and doubts as to her spiritual state harassed her mind.

In answer to some inquiries on this subject, she referred me to a hymn of Newton's—beginning,

> "'Tis a point I long to know,
> Oft it causes anxious thought,
> Do I love the Lord, or no?
> Am I his, or am I not?"

and said, "That hymn contains my present experience. I *wish* to be a Christian indeed, but I have many doubts. I *hope* I pray to God to teach me, and give me

faith in my Saviour. I think I can say, I submit to his will in this severe illness, and put my trust in him. I have no hope but from him." She was obliged to submit repeatedly to the application of leeches, a remedy which greatly fatigued and distressed her; but on these occasions, as indeed in every other trial and act of self-denial to which her long and heavy affliction subjected her, she was truly "patient in tribulation;" never did a murmuring word escape her lips. She, however, knew her own heart, and felt that this would not be the case if she trusted in her own strength. The last time leeches were applied, she bore the exertio
cheerful fortitude; and when I
this to her, she replied, with
nestness and modesty, "I do t
it was because I prayed to
me, and he *has* stren
it." Soon after

some medicine, she remarked to me, "I often think of that verse—

'When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond the cage
And long to fly away.'

What a sweet hymn!" and then at intervals, she repeated the whole with a most touching application to her own circumstances.

I asked her if she were able to collect her thoughts to pray: she answered meekly, "I *hope* I do; but I so soon get drowsy."

was much interested in a little
ritten in the quaint but heart-
anner of the old divines, en-
come's Help to the right Im-
Sickness;" and one day,
to read an article on
she looked up,

good *old-fashioned* books better, dear mother."

At this time she begged me to read to her repeatedly the 23d Psalm, and expressed much comfort from applying the consolations and supports of David to herself; but as no notes were taken at that period of her illness, of what passed, in conversation, many sweet remarks and indications that she was daily "growing in grace," have not been preserved so accurately as to be given here, though the remembrance of them is most precious to those who heard them.

Thus she passed eight weeks of severe and constant suffering; but *He*, the good Shepherd, was not unmindful of this tender lamb. He was bearing her in his arms:—the storm beat upon her, but it could not harm her:—faithful to his promises, he "stayed the rough wind, in the day of his east wind," and greatly

sustained and comforted her through the wilderness, till she reached his heavenly fold.

Her pains abated, and though stretched upon a bed of languishing, and helpless as an infant, she had many hours of peaceful repose, and of social and religious enjoyment. Her dearest relatives were around her, to smooth her pillow and minister to all her wants and wishes: many kind friends remembered her, not merely with sympathy, but with continual proofs of delicate and indulgent attention to amusement and comfort; and best of all, her heavenly Benefactor was with her. He made all her bed in her sickness, and underneath her were his everlasting arms. Her heart was full of gratitude, and sometimes a hope of lengthened days and renovated health cheered her young and sanguine mind.

She was able to beguile some of the weary hours with reading; and her Bible

and hymn-book were always at her side. She could also, at times, listen to reading and conversation. I read to her, daily, such portions of the Psalms, and of Isaiah, &c. as seemed most suited to her views and feelings; and we also went through the Gospel and Epistles of John, the Epistle to the Hebrews, part of that to the Romans, part of the Book of Revelation, and many other passages of the New Testament; to which she listened with much interest, and often interrupted me with her own simple and affecting comments, and applications of the sacred truths, to which she looked for counsel and support in this time of trial.

On the 27th of May she completed her fifteenth year; on that day she received several birth-day gifts with cheerful and affectionate interest; and the improvement in her appearance, and her renewed animation, almost tempted us to hope she might yet spend a few more fleeting years

with us. If she herself shared this hope with us, it was however with a strong persuasion of the delusive nature of her malady : she felt that her life was suspended on a thread, and therefore, when, a short time afterwards, her eldest sister placed her album before her, and requested her to write a few words in it, with a trembling hand, but with perfect serenity of countenance and manner, she inscribed these two prophetic passages :

We all do fade as a leaf.—Isa. 64 : 6.

There is but a step between me and death.—1 Sam. 20 : 3.

EDITH.

I observed to her, that these texts implied that she was aware of her continued danger.

" Yes, mother : when I write in dear John's album, perhaps I may write something about my *hopes*." But this proved to be the last effort of her pen ; increasing weakness prevented her from thus

gratifying her beloved brother's wishes, though she was permitted to testify to us, with many precious words, the nature and extent of that "good hope through grace," which cheered her dying hours, and made her more than conqueror, through him that loved her and gave himself for her.

The insidious disease which had so long preyed upon her, now made a more rapid progress towards its fatal termination. Day by day the feeble powers of nature failed: she faded before us; and though we could scarcely say *why* it was so, yet we felt that this precious treasure was about to be recalled. I have reason to think that she was sensible of this change herself, though for some time she only alluded to it indirectly.

Two Sabbaths before her death, she took up the memoir of Mrs. John Bickersteth, and read in it some time. I inquired if she had been looking at the

account of Mrs. B's last hours. She replied, "No, mother; I have been reading some of the extracts from letters of condolence sent to Mr. B. after her death. Do *you* read them, dear mother; they are *very* interesting, and *so* consoling!"

On Monday and Tuesday, the 19th and 20th of July, she appeared to sink more than usual; but made no complaint of increased indisposition, till the evening of Tuesday, when I offered her some wine and water, as she appeared very languid. She said, "I should like it, but I am afraid of it. I have more inflammation: it is very painful."

She looked earnestly, aud I thought mournfully, at me. I asked her if there were any thing that distressed her mind, and encouraged her to speak freely to me. A few tears fell, as she meekly replied, "No, mother, I do not expect to live; I have not for some time past: some weeks ago I did begin to think I might

recover; did not you, mother? Even Mr. B. and Mr. C. seemed to think so, and I was pleased with the hope; but I am much weaker now."

"Are you alarmed, my dear, at the prospect of death? I hope your trust in God and dependence on the Saviour are the same."

"Yes, I hope so; but my mind is often confused: I cannot pray as I ought to do —as I wish."

"My dear, the humblest prayer you can make, and the finest and noblest ever offered, can be made acceptable only in one way—*through Christ*, by whom we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

"I know it: that is a comfort; and I can always say, 'God be merciful to me a sinner!' and *that* suits me."

I reminded her of, 'Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.'

"Yes, that is a prayer I often repeat: I hope I am trusting in Christ."

When in much pain she afterwards added, "I am so afraid I should become impatient, if those sad pains return."

"God will give you patience, my dear, if you ask him for it."

"Yes, I know God *can* give me patience, and I think he *has*. I hope I have never felt very impatient, and it must have been his help that kept me from it."

The next day (Wednesday), with a cheerful countenance and voice, she took my hand, and said, "Mother, I feel very comfortable. I think God *does* sustain me. I *hope* I am trusting in Christ; but I am afraid to speak too strongly, lest it should be presumptuous; but *I am sure there is no other way*."

I repeated to her, "He will not break the bruised reed," &c. She replied, "Ah, that is a sweet text! that is my comfort!"

We then spoke of heaven, of its holiness and happiness, the presence of Christ, its peculiar privilege and glory; she rejoined, "Ah what a happy state! to think that Jesus is there in his *human* as well as *divine* nature, like one of *us*. I have often loved to think of that:—

'Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains.'

And how many dear friends I shall meet there! and dear aunt Sarah! I am sure we shall *know* our former friends there, when we worship together: *there* will be no sin, no sorrow any more."

Seeing me weep, she said, "Mother, do not grieve so; you see I do not: I am *very* comfortable. I wish we had talked together much more all these months as we have done now; but there have been so many interruptions, so much bustle around us."

I said, "You do not then regret the world you are leaving. I can assure you,

my Edith, from my own experience, the longer you had lived, the more you would have found it to be indeed a life of care and sin."

"Yes, mother, even *I* have found it so already: heaven is *far better*. I have been always a sickly child, and forced to submit to many little privations and disappointments; but I do not in the least regret it; I have found it has been good for me to bear the yoke in my youth."

After her father and myself had been assisting her, she exclaimed, "What friends! what kindness! I do indeed abound in mercies: I hope I desire to be thankful to God."

At intervals I read to her some of her favorite hymns:—

"When languor and disease invade," &c.
"There is a fountain filled with blood," &c.
"Rock of ages, cleft for me," &c.
"We've no abiding city here," &c.
"God of my life, to thee I call," &c.
"There is a land of pure delight," &c.

with many more.

Speaking again of the benefit of afflictions, she said, "There are two verses of a poem, by Miss ———, which are very suitable to my state, and describe my thoughts;" and she repeated:—

"When health invigorates the frame
Let joy the bliss improve;
But torturing pain and fever's flame,
With teaching power, alike proclaim
The tender hand of love.

"Thou canst not weep, frail child of clay,
Such blessings taught to prove;
Each cloud that dims thy upward way,
Shall more endear the glorious day,
That gilds the land of love!"

Soon after, she repeated a poem, entitled, "Not lost, but gone before;" beginning—

"Say, why should friendship grieve for those
Who safe arrive on Canaan's shore?" &c.

With a sweet smile, she added, "*That* poem is for *you*, dear mother."

Some time afterwards she took my

hand, and with great tenderness she said, "Do not grieve for me, dear mother, when I am gone; walk out with dear father, alone in the evening at first; perhaps I shall still be with you; perhaps I shall be your guardian angel."

She then spoke of Mr. C——— (the minister whom she attended); of his having been with us when her aunt died; of his sympathy when her brother Frederick was taken from us; and added: "If you see no objection, I should like to have a funeral sermon preached for me, as Mr. C——— did for dear Frederick; perhaps it might do good—the children of the Sabbath school were much impressed then. Tell Mr. C———, that if he approves of it, I should like the text to be, 'It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth;' and if he thinks it not improper, I should like a short address to the Sabbath scholars, from 'Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.'"

Seeing us in tears, she looked wistfully at us all; and when left alone with me, she said, "I fear this event will hurt poor John's health;" (her brother being at that time in a very delicate state). "When it is over, send him back again into the country, and remind him that *I am happy*." The tears filled her eyes, as she added, "I cannot help feeling at parting with you all. God will not be angry with me for this, I trust."

Thursday morning. After severe sickness and fainting, she looked earnestly at me and said, "Now, dear mother, I hope you do not wish to keep me." I answered, "No, not an hour. I have a good hope for you my dear Edith; but the way is dark and weary." Quickly, and with great emphasis, she replied, "*No, it is not;* for though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil. *He* is with me; *His* rod and *His* staff they comfort me; and *I find it so*."

Then said I, "Your mind is easy." "Yes, quite happy. I hoped I should have been gone before now; but I wish to wait God's time. I shall be glad to go when it is his will."

In the course of this day, she desired me to return her particular thanks for many proofs of kindness shown her by friends in the town and neighborhood, some of whom she mentioned by name; and then told me of several little bequests, which she selected with singular delicacy and propriety, for the different friends whom she named; and then added, "Mr. B—— (her medical attendant) has been very kind and attentive to me. Do you think he would be offended if you bought a small Bible with my pocket-money, and gave him from me? Perhaps he may read it sometimes; and if only a chapter or two, who knows but it may be made of use to him? Let it have a clasp, that he may be able to carry it in his pocket."

During this day, she asked to see each of her brothers and sisters alone; and giving them all a parting memento, she added a few words of affectionate counsel or kindness to each.

To her brother, on his saying, "God bless you, my dearest Edith," she replied, "He *has* blessed me, dear John." On his asking if she had any severe pain, she answered, "Yes, I am all over pain; and I only wish that it may soon be over." He then said, that he should wish to hear from her own lips, what was the state of her mind: she said, with an expressive pressure of his hand, "*I am very happy;*" and added, "Father says, he has *quite* given me up to God, and only hoped I should live to see you once more: but dear mother cannot give me up so, and weeps a great deal, which makes me more uncomfortable than any thing else." She then said, that she had not written any thing in his album; and added, "it was

because I did not feel able, and not from disinclination." After some little pause, she rejoined, "Mother and I consulted together, and we thought that you would like this little Bible." She then put into his hands, with a farewell kiss, a small Bible, which had been given her by her mother two months before, on her birth day; and added, "May God enable you, dear John, *so* to read it that you may learn to die comfortably, as I hope to do, and with a 'good hope through grace!'"

When Fanny took leave of her, she said, "Read your Bible, dear Fanny, and pray to God, and then we shall meet again. Be kind to mother, and comfort her as much as you can. Do not weep; I shall be happier in heaven than I am here. Forgive me if I have ever been unkind to you."

To two little sisters, she said, "I am going to die and leave you; when I am

dead, mother will grieve for me. The best way to comfort her, will be to try to be good girls; you cannot be *good* without praying to God to make you so; do not forget this."

To two others she spoke in the same simple and persuasive language, and took leave most affectionately of her youngest and darling brother, who for some months previous to her last illness had been her pupil.

To me she said, "Dear mother, you must try to take Job's words for your own, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" I replied, "I bless God, who enables my child to speak such words of comfort to me." "No," she rejoined, "I should be a poor comforter indeed; they are God's words, you know." Again, taking my hand, she added, "Remember, my dear mother, how often you have repeated,

"The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee!"

Friday. Feeling very ill and much oppressed, she often expressed her fears, lest she should be impatient; and once speaking hastily to her brother and sister, who were standing near the bed, begging them to go further from her, she anxiously sent an apology to them, and said to her parents, "Pray for me, that if I am prepared, it may please God soon to take me."

On this day she took leave of Mr. B——; thanked him for all his attention, and told him she wished to make him a farewell gift.

She said to me, "Let there be no unnecessary expense about my funeral; I should prefer it to be like aunt Sarah's, and a plain neat coffin like hers."

When alone with her eldest sister, she said, "I am going to make rather a fanciful request, dear; but I should like you, when I am gone, to ask Mrs. —— for some flowers to put in my coffin; and I should like a rose-bud, a heart's-ease, and some little simple white flower to put in my hand."

Thus was this young and timid disciple enabled, through the power of Him who suffered death himself, that it might be made a conquered enemy to all his followers, to contemplate the gloom of the grave, and all its most appalling circumstances, with undisturbed serenity; and even by anticipation, to strew flowers over its dark and dreary domain!

Early on Saturday morning, about two o'clock, after a period of much pain and restlessness, she begged to take an opium pill; taking it in her hand, she very distinctly and solemnly said, looking upwards, "I pray God to bless this medicine

to me!" then turning to us, she added, "and now perhaps, I may never wake again. Thank you all, dear friends; I wish you all good-by: you must thank all who have been so kind to me; I trust we shall meet again in heaven!"

After an interval of more composure, about eight o'clock in the morning, she inquired what the hour was, and being told, she remarked, "It is drawing near the hour when aunt Sarah died. O, that I might, if it be God's will, be dismissed when she was! I hope I shall be kept from impatience; but this poor body has not a spot a feather would not hurt; yet I know mine are *light* afflictions, and when compared with what my Saviour suffered for me, not to be named."

Soon after this, being left alone with Mr. B——, she gave him the Bible which had been procured for him, saying, "I hope you will read it—*promise me* that you will; but that is not enough, you

must pray to God that you may *understand it;* I wish you knew what a comfort it is to me." Mr. B. said, "Yes, my dear girl; but you are so innocent." "O no! I am a sinner—I feel myself so." "Yes," he replied, "but not such a one as I have been, who have lived so much longer." She rejoined, "Not perhaps in the same way, but we must both come to the *same Saviour* to pardon us. You know, dear sir, you have been several times at the point of death, *and you must come to this at last.*"

After Mr. B—— had left her, and I returned to her alone, she said, "I have been speaking to Mr. B—— (repeating what she had said); I pray God it may do him good: we must pray for him, dear mother; and will you write on the blank leaf of that Bible, some suitable texts, such as may lead him to the Saviour."

About noon on that day, she again talked with some ease; spoke of John,

and of her fears that his sorrow might hurt him; exclaiming, "Dear boy! how I love him!"

She then referred to the rest of her family, saying, "I hope my death will be of use to my dear brothers and sisters. I am afraid that dear —— and —— do not think of these things as they ought:— try, dear mother, to persuade them."

Soon after, she added, "Tell Mr. C———, if I had lived, it was my wish to have joined his church, if he had thought it right; it would perhaps have kept me from temptation. I think he would like to know this."

One of her friends having expressed how little can be done to assist and relieve a dying sufferer: that little remained but to *pray* for them, she replied, "Thank you for praying for me, it is very kind; I cannot pray much for myself now." After a pause, "It is a long struggle; but I desire to *wait*."

To her father she said, "One thing must alleviate your grief; If I had lived, I do believe dear mother would have spoiled me;" and went on to refer to several little incidents which she thought confirmed this idea.

All the day she had a strong impression on her mind, that the time of her departure was at hand. It was remarked, that the next would have been her dear aunt's birth day; she exclaimed, "Dear aunt Sarah's birth day! I shall spend it with her in heaven! and, dear mother, when I welcome you there, what a joy!"

Towards evening, great faintness and cold perspiration coming on, she exclaimed, "These are the damps of death! It will soon be over!"

At night, when supported in her father's arms, and when indeed 'a mortal paleness' overspread her cheeks, she raised her eyes to heaven, and whispered, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" Soon

after, she again whispered, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" Being somewhat recovered, she said, "I had hoped to be gone before now; but God's will be done!"

She asked her father to repeat some texts of Scripture; and soon after said to me, "What a comfort it is to know texts. I would not but have learned my Bible Catechism for the world; what a blessing it is to me now! I am thankful I was so much with aunt Sarah in her dying illness, and that I was permitted to read to her that sweet chapter on sanctified afflictions, in Clarke's Scripture Promises. I saw her die, and when I went down stairs, I *felt* her death, indeed! for till then she had always gathered us children together, and talked and prayed with us in our affliction. I loved to sit in the room with her after she was dead, and think of all she had done for us."

Hearing me say, that I would not be so selfish as to wish to prolong her stay on this bed of languishing, unless it had pleased God to restore her to us, she exclaimed, "O do not wish me back again: I was easily led astray; light and giddy companions were a great temptation to me."

At night, after much exhaustion, she laid quite still for some time; and then, with a smile, gently whispered to her father and myself, as she looked alternately at us:

"Sweet to lie passive in his hands,
And know no will but *his*!"

On Sunday, she was very weak and much exhausted at times. While her father and myself were assisting her to move, her father said to me, "Let her rest on you a moment." Kissing me, as she laid her head on my shoulder, she said, "Yes, I can *rest* upon mother: what

sweeter place of rest can there be on earth? at least, with such a father and mother as I have."

Soon after, seeing me weep, she said, "Dear mother, do not weep; it is *I* who bear the pain, and yet I would not exchange with you."

Mistaking something her father said, for "Poor dear!" she shook her head, and looking up at him, with a lovely smile, she replied, "Do not say *poor*; say *happy Edith!*"

Hearing him regret that two of her sisters had not risen earlier, she said to him, "Tell them if they cannot rise earlier, they cannot have time to read their Bibles night and morning, as I begged them to do."

After much fainting, she exclaimed, "O, what shall I do? I never felt thus before?" I said, "May God support you, my precious child!" She instantly replied, "*He can, he does:* I am sure I could not bear this, if he did not."

Towards evening, having found that Mr. ——— had made repeated inquiries after her, and expressed much genuine feeling for her afflicted relations, and referring to an offer he had made her father of his house in town, for her use, if she could be removed for London advice, she said, "How very kind! Perhaps it would not be improper, when I am gone, for father to thank him in my name; and especially for his goodness about the house in London."

In the night, after having been turned in her bed, she observed to me, "I sink down in my bed now so soon after I have been raised. I told her this was one sign of increasing debility. After a pause, during which it was evident her thoughts had risen from the bed of death, on which she reclined, to the world of holy and heavenly blessedness in prospect, she sweetly said, with much emphasis:

"*Then*, when I sink, my joys shall rise
[illegible]"

On Monday, her weakness and drowsiness increasing, but little was said; but she retained her senses, and a sweet consciousness of a reconciled God, and the presence of a sympathizing Saviour.

I said to her, "Is Christ precious to you now?" She replied, "Yes, O yes."

She continued tenderly mindful of her friends, and of their grief. When offered refreshment, she said, "I will *try* to take it for your sakes: you are all so very kind."

I expressed regret that she swallowed with so much difficulty: she shook her head, and said, "I wish I could swallow, for *your* sake, mother."

Being asked if her mind was still serene, and her trust in the Saviour unshaken, she cheerfully answered, "*I am quite happy.*" It was remarked, that her feet were very cold: she said smiling, "Yes, they are *as cold as death*, I think." And when I noticed that a drinking-glass, which she had preferred to use through-

out her illness, was now too heavy for her hand, she meekly observed, "Ah! but death is very different: this is *death*, you know."

I remarked to her, what a mercy it was that all her protracted sufferings were those of the body only: that she might have been tortured by an accusing conscience, and a sense of unpardoned sin. It was likewise remarked to her, that an almighty Saviour was needed by all. She assented, by saying, with earnestness, "O yes! I know that."

Nor did her tender regard for her mourning relatives, nor her delight in the charms of nature cease, till all external objects were lost to her in the dim shadows of approaching death. A few beautiful flowers were placed on her bed: with a trembling hand she took them, and expressed pleasure in their scent and colors. Her father said, "I hope, my darling, you will soon be a never-fading

flower in the paradise of God." She replied, "I hope I shall."

Seeing her sister bring me some refreshment, she said, "Ah, that is right; thank you, dear ——; take care of dear mother when I am gone."

After this time it became a painful effort for her to speak; but her comfort, derived from the gospel, appeared to be unbroken and cheerful. She entered "the dark valley," with steady feet, leaning on the Rock of Ages; and when asked, if her mind continued peaceful, and her trust in Christ unwavering, she always answered, "Yes," or expressed it by a significant movement of the head.

The last conflict was long and severe; yet amidst the suspense and anguish of these protracted hours, her afflicted friends felt, that neither the dying child nor those who wept over her, were forsaken: they stood indeed by the bed-side of the unconscious sufferer; hopeless, as to her recovery; helpless, as to her relief: but

for *her* the everlasting arms were spread, and for *them* the hope full of immortality shed its radiance through the gloom. She was in the agonies of death, enduring the penalty of sin; but death and sin were vanquished enemies, and this was their final hour. A covenant God, ever faithful to his promises, sustained her; the good Shepherd, he who had fed and guided the tender lamb hitherto, was even now gathering her in his arms, and about to shelter her for ever in his heavenly fold. We strove to wait with submission, till her appointed hour should come, and till all the will of God concerning her should be accomplished.

We listened with thankful hearts to the last sigh, and rejoiced in the sweet persuasion, that while we closed the eyes of the forsaken, yet precious clay, the spirit of our "happy Edith" was already before the throne of God, and in the presence of that glorified Saviour whom,

while yet unseen, she had loved; and in whom she believed and trusted, even unto death.

She entered into rest, at three o'clock on the morning of July 29th, 1830, aged fifteen years and two months.

Her mortal remains were interred in the same vault with those of her brother F——, and of that dear aunt who had so tenderly loved her, and cherished and guided her childhood and youth.

The following LINES are inscribed on the TABLET which marks the resting-place of the brother and sister.

"O loved and mourned, as parents only mourn!
Sleep here in Jesus—to this early tomb,
In faith and hope your kindred dust was borne:
For peace from God shed o'er your fading bloom
A heavenly calm. With meek but steadfast eyes,
Raised to the Saviour, as the world withdrew,
Ye owned in death, your God was good as wise.
Blest accents! Lord! we would confess it too:—
Resigned and grateful, let this record tell,
That faith inscribes, though weeping, 'It is well!'"